TOUR.



him right if she did drag him up to the topmost tops to look at
ful views. "Hang views!" he said afterwards, at the Club.



ow he did not look well when he was warm; and how she did
sive it him about the cold pie and pickures!



m how, what with the heat, and the fatigue, and one thing
other, he could not keep his eyes open when deserving me



PLEASANT.

Have you told Mamma I am here? *Nice Boy.* Yes.
at did she s-y? *Nice Boy.* She said, WHAT A BORE!

ices," 99 Shoe Lane, E.C.—Saturday, August 7, 1886.

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in Great Britain.

Sally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. III.—No. 120.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1886. [ONE PENNY.



TRYING THEIR STRENGTH AT RAMSGATE.

"Poor Papa's latest wheeze, dear, is to become muscular; and he and Alexandry have been down at Ramsgate trying their strength on the sands. I've heard from a lot of the "Friv." girls, whom Papa had asked down for the day, that live eels are not in it, when compared to Papa's contortions."—TOOTSIE.

SLOPER'S SILHOUETTES.

No. 3.—*A Grouse-Shooting Story in Three Chapters.*



CHAPTER I.—He begins on the Twelfth. CHAPTER II.—He never was much of a shot. CHAPTER III.—Two's company—three's none!!

A SHOE LANE ROBBER.

NATIVES OF UXBRIDGE, PLEASE NOTE! I say, a SHOE LANE ROBBER, for there he lived and there he was captured, going thence in custody to Tothill Fields Bridewell, and from there to Newgate, and to Tyburn afterwards, where he (like many other more or less gallant highwaymen before him) was hanged on the 1st of July, 1774.

They call him "Captain Hawke" in a penny number romance that lies before me, but he began life as a pot boy. When his father died, at Uxbridge, whilst he was yet a child, he came up to London to seek his fortune.

After this, and a short apprenticeship as footpad, he turned highwayman, and joined partners with one William Field (possibly the "Captain Field" of some other romance), but the two very shortly were apprehended. Hawke broke jail and escaped to France, but Field was hanged.

Upon Hawke's return to England, I read, he committed a surprising number of most daring highway robberies, and many months elapsed before the thief-takers were able to identify him as the same man by whom the London roads were so dangerously infested. From information received, Mr. Smith, the head-jailor of Tothill Fields, at last found Hawke in a lodging in Shoe Lane, where he and his wife were living, and Smith, Bond, and Leigh, all in the service of Sir John Fielding, repaired thither in the morning early. Bond,

entering the room on the second floor, where Hawke lay abed asleep, flung himself across the robber's chest. Hawke, however, dexterously contrived to twist the sheet round the constable's head, and was searching for a pistol under his pillow, when Smith, springing through the doorway, caught him by the wrist, and after a violent struggle, the redoubtable "Captain" was laid by the heels. He said afterwards he had several loaded pistols in his possession, and had resolved to "fire upon every man who should attempt to take him." Alas (or otherwise) he never got a chance of a shot, and the robbery of "a small sum of money" being proved against him, he was, as has already been mentioned, hanged.

The person whom he robbed was a Mr. Hart, who, accompanied by a Captain Cunningham, he stopped in a coach a little beyond Knightsbridge. Captain Cunningham (a real captain this time), on Hawke pointing a pistol at his breast, bade him "Fire away, and be d——." Hawke did fire, and missed by a shave, when Cunningham jumped out of the coach and seized the bridle of the robber's horse; on which the other "Captain" fired again, once more to miss; and Cunningham, after Hart had passed him his trifle of money, pelted him with stones until he was out of sight.

There was a good deal of bravado and some pluck about Hawke. When his irons were being struck off, on his way to execution, he inquired kindly after the health of a turnkey. "How do you do, Billy?" an acquaintance asked, handing him a bouquet; "will you have some flowers?" "Pretty well, I thank you," said he, and he picked out a flower from the rest, and very deliberately fixed it in the button-hole of his coat.

Ah, well! if Death be in any case the penalty of crime, 'twere better, perhaps, to rid the last dying hour of as much cumbrous ceremony, hollow sham, and mock heroics as can be.

When the cart was being driven from under him, the poor pinioned highway hero kicked off his shoes, and, gathering together all his strength, leaped high into the air, and so, breaking his neck by the jerk when he fell, died instantly.

It would appear from his memoirs that he was no brutal ruffian, and entertained some foolishly misapplied heroical ideas. Robin Hood, it is said (authority doubtful), robbed the rich to feed the poor. Hawke would knowingly rob no man—of Uxbridge. By chance, he did rob one, though, and the fact of his returning the money with a letter in his own handwriting, led to his detection and capture. For a long while after his death, his exploits were talked of in Uxbridge pot-houses; and I have it on good authority that a one-legged leather breeches maker, by the name of Brown, many times and oft, proudly proclaimed to awe-stricken audiences that his amputated limb occupied a grave closely adjoining that of the broken-necked celebrity.

• • • • • •

"Billiam the Bespattered," said he whom we are wont in playful mood to refer to as Alexandry, "thinkst thou his purpose in a kicking off of them shoes was because he thought he could jump better without them, or entertained he any foolish prejudice to dying in shoes, or do you fancy he had corns and they pinched him?"

"'Tis immaterial," the other answered, after a brief yet impressive pause. "The question most to the purpose is where they were kicked to, and who nicked 'em when they dropped, and whether, then, they fitted?"

(Smugglers next week. An extraordinary story.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "The Family," will be answered in due course.

L. Schofield (Cardiff).—*The Eminent is very pleased that the "Cardiff Professional Town Band" arranged his Waltz, and have been playing it for some months. Sorry he cannot give you the "Award of Merit" though.*——A Constant Reader (Page Green, Tottenham).—*Declined with thanks.*——Guilliamus Dodo.—*Very amusing, but too long for insertion. You have made our Cartoon most gorgeous, but given* Ally *a gilt-y look.*——Lent (East Dulwich).—*We never wish to insult our readers, and are sorry you have taken offence when none was meant.*——H. Snow (Ryde).—*It's never wicked to eat pancakes, as long as you don't steal them.*——Patience (Homerton).—*Exercise your* nom de plume, *dear friend. Remember we have an immense number of correspondents.*——Anon.—*Sketch of oil-shop is declined with thanks.*——Charles Dubois (Edith Villas, West Kensington).—*Thanks for humorous song, "I can't get my conjugal rights." The music, we notice, is by yourself, and you have appropriately dedicated it to Mrs. Weldon.*——Inkeck (Manchester).—*Blood-Stained Bill is in raptures with the dagger, which, after some persuasion, he has permitted* Ally *to place with the "Sloperian Relics."*——J. Charlatan.—*Glad you suffered no serious injury in the duel, my brave. As you were wounded in the back, you can't expect* Ally *to create you an F.O.S.*——W. H. Hill (Camberwell, S.E.).—*Thanks, but no room.*——C. Singleton (Michigan, U.S.A.).—*Declined with thanks.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:

3 months, 1s. 8d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s 6d.

In Stamps or P.O.O.'s payable to Gilbert Dalziel,

"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

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And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *will be given for the best Eight-Line Verse on*

BRIGHTON.

Each line to commence with the letter as shown hereunder:—

B ....
R ....
I ....
G ....
H ....
T ....
O ....
N ....

Most of the Members of "The Family" being still out of town, please address all Competitions:—

BRIGHTON,
"The Seasideries,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *The List will close this day,* Saturday, August 14th.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"When is the candle like you, my love?" "Compare me to a candle? You ought to know yourself better, B." "There, my dear, you answer it admirably now—It's when it's put out."

A virtuous old gentleman is extremely desirous that the proprietors of a huge drinking bar in town should formally christen their place "The Office." He thinks the cognomen would prevent a heap of mendacities. For instance, moral citizens would then be able to say, "Detained again so awfully late at 'the office,' my pet; only just left it, 'pon my sacred honour," &c.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 120.—The "Fishing-by-the-Sea" Costume.



DACOITING IN BURMAH.
This is one of the peacefully inclined natives who has a knack of cracking heads with his walking stick and politely "taking stock." Observe the tender expression on his face. Golly!



WHAT DID HE MEAN?
Uncle Boffin relates—"On my way to the Court a man who appeared to know me, inquired if I was the magistrate; on my replying in the affirmative, asked if I could sell him a good thing for the next race meeting."



SOME MORE OF TOOTSIE'S BATHING COSTUMES.
L'Assommoir. The Jockey.



The Vicar, his Curate, and Charity.
"Oh, Quiverfull, I understand you have nine little ones! Well, I should like to send them something. I suppose they are fond of the good things of this world—bon-bons, candied fruits, sweets, rich puddings, eh? All bad for their little teeth. I'll post them nine orders for the Dental Hospital. Good-bye!"



QUACK! QUACK!
"Bedanged, if I doant goo up to Lunnon an' zee what this 'ere fuss be about Master Dilke upsetting all the milk an' turning the cream zour. Odzooks!"

It is proposed to form a dairy school, where thorough instruction in the art of cheese-making will be given. May this be one step towards crowding out the noxious animal fat, going under the name of cheese, we are now compelled to consume. We mean the vamped-up stuff that comes from America. It is almost impossible to procure a good piece of real English cheese, now, in the metropolis.

"Champagne is a wicked drink," said an eminent friend of Ally's; "a wicked drink and a lazy. It is wicked, insomuch as you feel yourself getting forwarder, and feel happy, and in less than half-an-hour you feel disgustingly sober, and have to begin again. See, my dear friend, the party at that table—five of them with two bottles of Pommeroy between them! Ah! you and I, with a quart of Scotch ale and a noggin of gin hot, could do wonders in twenty minutes, while they'll take a week at this rate. Ah!"

Rejoice! rejoice! at last we've got
A rule with wisdom teeming,
To know who is and who is not
A "lady" by her seeming!

A "lady" is a woman who,
When foulest crimes are sifted,
Police courts haunts, with morbid *goût*,
And shameless features gifted.

Florida, the much extolled "land of flowers and fruit," turns out to be an excellent place for the emigrant without capital to starve in; that is, unless he happens to have a digestion like a bird's, and can make a square meal off sand. Men of grit are wanted in sandy Florida, but they must be well provided with yellow boys to start with. An impecunious person might just as well try to raise and mature an orange-grove in Seven Dials as in Florida.

He was a widower, and disconsolate; bathed in tears from morn till night until he had fairly exhausted his stock of pocket-handkerchiefs. The furnisher brought in his little bill, very appropriately black-edged. Blear-eyed with grief, he scanned the formidable column of figures until his glance fell upon the total. Then his jaw dropped. "Oh, cremate me!" he groaned, "it's enough to make one almost wish her alive again!"

This is a dreadful thing to ask, but will you kindly inform me when your dear, darling, duckiest baby is really *not* a baby?—Well, then, he is not a baby when he is—a *tea-thing.* A-ha!

Lady of House. "Do take some more tea."
Lady Visitor. "No, thank you; I have had a cup."
Lady of House. "Oh, they only hold a *mouthful;* do take another cup."
[*Was it the cup was small, or the mouth was large.*

A young feeldfare went owt wun day in serch ov food. Presently she espied a fine fat wurm riggling rownd a dry twig. Seezing hold of the twig with her beek, she flew back to the nest with it. But when she got there she diskuvvered, to her grief, that the wurm had riggled off and waz gone, and she gave way to lamentashuns. "See here," sed the old feeldfare to her diskonsolate offspring, "the next time yew find a wurm on a twig, lay hold on the wurm!"
[Moral: Experience was born in the hour of tribulation.]

Noisy and rude, and far from coy—Naughty boy!
He's full of sauce (I don't mean Soy)—Naughty boy!
His aim in life is to annoy—Naughty boy!
While his delight is to destroy—Naughty boy!
A catapult his dearest toy—Naughty boy!
Peaceful games upon him cloy—Naughty boy!
Throwing stones his chief employ—Naughty boy!
Breaking windows is his joy—Naughty boy!
He's thorough bad, without alloy—Naughty boy!
Send him to sea on board a hoy;
He may return a better boy.

Pompey took little Ethel to see the last batch of chickens making their first appearance in the world. "I wonder they've got the strength to break their way out of the shell." "Why, ze see, Missie Ethel," said Pompey, sagaciously, "dey makes a mighty big effort at last 'cause dey's afeared o' bein' biled if dey stay longers."

Paper hats are being manufactured largely in America, for numbers of wooden-headed people are found to buy them. Being thin in material, the hats do not resist wet quite so efficiently as brown paper boot soles. They are said to be invented by the same man who first patented wooden nutmegs.

The natives of India have ceased to be a temperate race, and now run the Europeans very hard in the consumption of alcohol. An Indian officer states that now-a-days it is a common thing to hear one dignified grey-bearded old Brahmin say to a friend, "Will you paint your nose, boy," and to hear the other reply, "Come along, sonny, and nominate your poison."

Profanity is still a finable offence; but the "every-day labourer" who uses a strong expression on finding a pin in his chair can only be mulcted in 1s. for the first offence; while a person of or above the degree of a gentleman, who drops a swear word when a ten-year-old boy jumps on his favourite corn, is liable to a fine of 5s. for the first offence.

Sometime ago, a dignified magistrate sentenced a savage coster to a month's hard labour for assault. The culprit immediately threatened the prosecutor in flowery language. Thereupon the beak doubled his sentence, remarking, "Have you anything more to say, my man!" "Nothink much, your washup," ejaculated the hard-shelled coster, with a knowing wink at the gaoler, "nothink much; but 'ow about them ten shillin's you owes me for bloaters, old bloke? The bill's been runnin' a long time now."

One glorius summer's dai, when the sun waz shining hotly, a young ren kommensed to sing alowd, in the fullness of his hart. A sparrow-hawk heard his song, swooped down on him, and told him tew prepare tew be eaten. "Ah, me," sed the ren, "because I was happy I must die."
[Moral: When yew are going tew sing, look owt for hungry sparrow-hawks.]

I know a Nell, and love her well,
She lives out in the wilds of Tooting;
Her name is Smith—what's in a name?—
An aim in life with her means shooting.

Bull's-eyes she prefers to sheep's,
And talks of long, not kitchen ranges
A sort of discourse somehow which
The pure domestic love estranges.

She's crushed my heart, that's very sure
(I won't say quite into a jelly);
She says, if she gave me an inch,
I'd take a Nell—*I would,* Miss Nellie.

The Moral will be published next week, or sometime later, or after it has dawned upon me.—A. Sloper.

It is not beyond all hope of repair now, but it nearly broke off the match for a time. Angy has money, and is quiet and correct in her speech. Edwin has none, and is prone to extravagant expression. She wanted to show him some new shoes she had just bought. Lifting her dress, she put forward a tiny, wee little foot—the real object of showing the shoes, for she is justly proud of the diminutive member. "What do you think of that?" "Immense!" he exclaimed, rapturously. And she took it literally—or, as our French neighbours say, *au pied de la lettre.*

TOOTSIE AT BOURNEMOUTH.

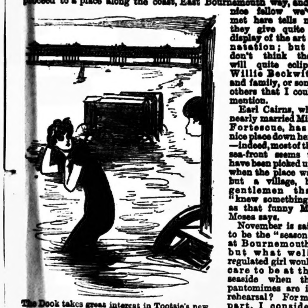
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TOOTSIE AT BOURNEMOUTH.

WELL, yes, we're all down here at the Bath Hotel—the Dook, Billy, Bob, and that Mr. McGooseley, who appears to be hanging on after the Temperance Fête is over till he can collect enough to go back to Town by cattle train in charge of calves.



Bob the Champion Shrimpist.

The Hotel is very comfortable, and there is a splendid view, and what, perhaps, is more important, when they like *they can cook*. Bob's notion at present is to catch shrimps for breakfast. We expect if we stop a week he will have landed a whole ha'p'orth.

Bournemouth is of recent growth. An inhabitant, aged a little short of Methuselah, might remember it before it became a fashionable resort, or had even one "season." It once consisted of but one house—"a small cottage-inn kept ostensibly to accommodate picnic and bathing parties, who occasionally came here during the summer months; though its chief use was as a resort for smugglers—where they might meet and wait until an expected lugger should appear in sight, loaded with contraband goods, in dealing with which most of the labouring men, and some who were in highly respectable stations in life, engaged." The press-gang, too, I read, came down upon them about 1803, when Napoleon the Great was preparing a numerous army and flotilla along the opposite coast, and seamen of all grades were much wanted for manning the British ships of war, and a number of farm labourers—men and boys who had resorted thither to help the fishermen in pulling ashore their mackerel-nets—were seized by the gang—60 of them being captured. Some escaped, but the 60 were locked up at Poole all night. Luckily for 59 of them they proved that they had never been to sea, and so were let loose; but the one unfortunate one a lieutenant present swore to, and he was dragged away from his home, and forced to serve for thirteen years on board a man-of-war, then discharged without a pension to find his home long ago broken up, and his friends and relations scattered far and wide. A cruel story, yet I wish to goodness a press-gang would come suddenly and take off Mr. McGooseley, who, by the way, in one of his many fits of whisky-mania, almost killed poor Billy the other day by slipping down the steps on the Chine.



Alarming accident on the Chine.

The bathing here is very jolly, and though I say it myself, I looked very nice in my new dress; however, for that matter, I heard it mentioned audibly. The Dook was excessively pleased with it.

Bob and Billy are in raptures at the custom that prevails in Bournemouth of parties of well-regulated girls, their mammas and friends, and also "chummeries" of young men, taking tents down to the beach to do duty for bathing machines. I suspected there was more in their extreme delight than they seemed inclined to inform me, but when they had dragged the Dook out to smoke a cigar after dinner, I heard them revel in a description of how they had seen the shadowy outline of a "human form divine" (Billy termed it) on the canvas of a tent, when the sun shone on the other side. Such depravity is to be lamented.

On Sunday morning quite a number of the young men of the town proceed to a place along the coast, East Bournemouth way, and a nice fellow we've met here tells me they give quite a display of the art of natation; but I don't think they will quite eclipse Willie Beckwith and family, or some others that I could mention.



The Dook takes great interest in Tootsie's new Bathing Dress.

Earl Cairns, who nearly married Miss Fortescue, has a nice place down here—indeed, most of the sea-front seems to have been picked up, when the place was but a village, by gentlemen that "knew something," as that funny Mr. Moses says.

November is said to be the "season" at Bournemouth; but what well-regulated girl would care to be at the seaside when the pantomimes are in rehearsal? For my part, I consider London, even if one's home is opposite that for Lost Dogs in Battersea, the only place one can exist in during our dreary winters.

There are some rather jolly drives about here, and Laidlaw has some good traps, and there are plenty of places to see, and some very nice fellows up and down. Well-regulated girls might go further and fare worse.

"If, at first, you don't succeed, try, try again."
ALEXANDRY.

TWENTY REAL SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH.

Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

With this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY,"
TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES
will be given away to Purchasers of the Paper only.

Each watch is REAL SILVER *(not Nickel Silver) and will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of* A. SLOPER, ESQ., *Friend of Man. The way to obtain a "Sloper" Watch is to purchase a copy of* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," *and cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it in an envelope to:—*

"SLOPER WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Of course the number of Applications will be greatly in excess of the number of Watches given away each week. But inasmuch as no Applicant will ever receive more than one Watch, in course of time every Purchaser of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" *who wants a* "SLOPER" *Watch will get one. The qualifications of the Applicant, as stated on Label printed below, will be the Judges' guide.*

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," August 14th, 1886.

Name ....

Address ....

....

....

Age ....

Occupation, if any ....

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" ....

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," *giving the Names and Addresses of the Successful Competitors, also their Qualifications.* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" *is Published Every Thursday, at Two o'clock, and all Applications must be at "The Sloperies" by the following Wednesday evening. The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, August 18th, 1886. The Result of the Competition of August 7th will be published in the* "HALF-HOLIDAY" *for August 21st.*

*** Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies," and the Proprietor is anxious to impress upon the Public the fact that the Watches are REAL SILVER AND NOT NICKEL SILVER.

RESULT OF JULY 31st COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

JOHN R. COSSONS, Police Constable, 3 New Union Street, Moorgate Street. Age 29 years. Subscriber—2 years. LONDON.
ALFRED JOSEPH BONE, Grocer's Assistant, 59 Ufton Road, Kingsland. Age 26 years. Subscriber—2 years. LONDON.
MISS FLORENCE DUNSTAN, Dairymaid, Perloe Farm, Mylor. Age 18 years. Subscriber—18 months. FALMOUTH.
STEPHEN SHARPE, Musician, Royal Marine Barracks, Stonehouse. Age 15 years. Subscriber—14 months. PLYMOUTH.
GEORGE H. PARKER, Locomotive Stoker, 11 Mundy Place, Cathays. Age 26 years. Subscriber—4 months. CARDIFF.
MAURICE E. SARGENT, Torpedo Instructor, Staff Mess, H.M.S *Vernon*. Age 28 years. Subscriber—from first issue. PORTSMOUTH.
GEORGE W. JULIAN, G.N. Railway Clerk, 69 Gladstone Street. Age 20 years. Subscriber—from commencement. PETERBOROUGH.
JOHN GAWTHORPE, Leather Currier, 5 Melville Street. Age 36 years. Subscriber—6 months. LEEDS.
FREDERICK HOWARD, Organ Builder, 122 Rupert Street, South Heigham. Age 31 years. Subscriber—about 18 months. NORWICH.
JOHN WYNNE, Schoolboy, 1 Whitworth Road, Drumcondra. Age 15 years. Subscriber—2 years. DUBLIN.
JOHN S. KERR, Compositor, 85 Cromac Street. Age 33 years. Subscriber—15 months. BELFAST.
WILLIAM STEVENS, Boiler Maker, Back 95 Darmouth Street. Age 55 years. Subscriber—16 months. BIRMINGHAM.
JOS. GOODCHILD, Plasterer, 1 Armstrong Villas, Artillery Road. Age 46 years. Subscriber—12 months. RAMSGATE.
ROBERT WILSON EDMOND, Joiner, 1 Ouston' Street. Age 24 years. Subscriber—18 months. WEST HARTLEPOOL.
ALFRED LODGE, Head Gardener, The Gardens, Brougham Hall. Age 38 years. Subscriber—nearly two years. PENRITH.
WILLIAM RUSSELL, Hairdresser, 29 Wellifield Road, Walton. Age 22 years. Subscriber—18 months. LIVERPOOL.
MAUD SEED, Staymaker, 10 Wellington Road, Alexandra Park. Age 19 years. Subscriber—from commencement. MANCHESTER.
HARVEY THORNTON, Surgical Instrument Maker, 61 Nether Edge Road. Age 28 years. Subscriber—about two years. SHEFFIELD.
ALEXANDER B. JOHNSTON, Clerk, 12 Dryden Street. Age 20 years. Subscriber—6 months. EDINBURGH.
MARY VEITCH, Mill Girl, 21 Queen Street, Govan. Age 20 years. Subscriber—one year and nine months. GLASGOW.

GIVEN AWAY
WITH
NEXT WEEK'S
Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday,
PUBLISHED THURSDAY, AUGUST 19TH,
THE SPECIAL PLATE,
(10½ inches by 15 inches)
BY W. G. BAXTER,
ENTITLED
A CABINET COUNCIL.

GRISELDA, THE GYMNAST.

"FREDERICK," said Griselda, as she lay on the sofa, her lovely form modestly declaring itself through the pink folds of her peignon, "Frederick, I am not so strong as I used to be since I have been married. What I want is muscle."



"What I want is muscle."

Frederick sighed. Griselda was a woman of impulse—tho' generous impulse. If she made up her mind to do a thing she did it. She had made up her mind to marry Frederick and had done so. He was well to do in the world's goods, and was a small man of an easily spankable size if he made himself in any way disagreeable.

On one or two occasions Griselda had been rather stern with him, and parasols are now-a-days made with thicker handles than they used to have in the days of our grandparents.

"What will become of me," thought poor Frederick, "if she develops into a scientific middle weight." But he held his peace and said nothing.

About a week past by, when Griselda told Frederick to touch the bell.

"James, bring in my gloves," she said.

"My dear," said Frederick, "what *are* you going to do?"

"We are going to have a set to together, put on those gloves."

The oners that she gave him were something awful.

She rang the bell herself.

"James fetch a large tray and carry your master down to the kitchen. Vinegar and brown paper him well, for I believe that I have hurt him somewhat."

Frederick was carried down below. His circulation was so upset that there was no heat in him whatever. They put him in the meat screen before the fire, and basted his bruises with vinegar and hot water.



The oners that she gave him were something awful.

"Poor master," said Jane, the scullery-maid, as she tenderly ladled the hot liquid over his shoulders.

"Why didn't you pluck up a spirit and give her what for."

He shook his head sadly, still the pity of the honest girl and the warm basting soothed him much.

"I should like," said Jane, "to pick a bone with her, I'd let her know what bone handles was."

"You would, would you, dear Jane? You don't say you really would?"

"I would just," said Jane, tapping him affectionately on the head with the basting spoon.

Griselda grew more and more rampagious every day.

She asked all the fencing masters from Chrozzo's, Angelo's, Stenfel's, and everywhere, to see her practising.

They said: "What a sweet athletic lady she is;" "what a sight it is; every woman should have something of the athlete."

At length Frederick could stand it no longer.

"I quite own, dear Griselda," he said mildly, "that the fashion is all for athletics, and that girls did it before the Royal Family at the Healtheries. Still, I think throwing flip-flaps before fencing masters is coming it a little too strong."

Griselda answered not a word. She simply walked up to the bookcase, and took from it a long cane; the shrieks of Frederick soon rent the air, and made the choice Colissonée vases dance.

Another day she made up a small bundle of walking sticks, and let him have it so warm that he wasn't seen in the "Row" for the next two weeks.

Another day she tried it on with her elastic gymnasium belt.

The buckle hurt him.

Suddenly a stalwart female form dashed into the room.

It was Jane, the scullery-maid.

She seized her mistress by the throat.



The Scullery Maid seized her by the throat.

There was not a walking-stick left whole throughout the house.

Griselda paced her bedroom the whole night in agony.

• • •

Husband and wife have separated.

• • •

Griselda perished from a trapeze accident at a soirée given by Mr. Purkiss to the duchesses of England and their friends.

• • • • •

Frederick married the humble Jane.

She has a stalwart arm, but is not nearly such a scientific spartan as his first wife.

"She was humble," he says, "but she loved me faithfully and treated me tenderly in my hour of trouble."

A SEASIDE MYSTERY.



In the early morning she was not quite so fair to gaze upon.

But after a brief interval

She burst upon us in all her splendour. *Original reflection upon the subject—"Such is life!"*



THE RED, RED ROSE.

Ma.—Yes, dear, it is as you say, very nice to "show colour" going to business.

Sha.—Yes, and makes you look ten years younger as well.



AN EXPLANATION.—"Yes mum, 'twas all on account of Eliza. Thanky for the half-dollar."



THE SEAMFEAST "TILE."

Bound for Rye House. "Whose your hatter?"



Colonists rehearsing for a swell outing at the St. Leger.

WHITECHAPEL-SUPER-MARE.

Aunt Higgins has taken a House at the Seaside for the Season, and this is one of the nice Excursion Days right in front of the window.



Here's a sweet boy, for instance, chucking stones at some palings; if he misses them he will most probably knock Auntie's cap off.



Then the dreadful indelicacies going on all day. "The mother of that little bare-legged wretch ought to be whipped at a cart's tail," says Auntie.



Worst of all though, perhaps, are the dreadful people who "bring down their own nose-bags." That nasty, horrid, low man with the bottle is supposed to be pretending to drink Auntie's health.

A SLOPER'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.



1. Making it right with the Office Boy.



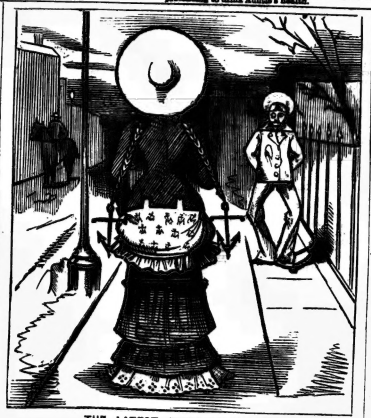
2. Making it right with the Boot Department.



3. Making it right with the Butler.



4. Making it wrong for Slopey.



THE LATEST FROM BRIGHTON.

"A strange craft has been cruising round about for the last few days, and evidently intends anchoring here."



TWO NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

One says the "Admiral," and the other "Jack Robinson." A noble pair of warriors, eh?



"TIPS" IN PARIS.

Poor Smith says he is coming home next week, as it is getting *too hot* in France.



This week, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are anxious to d
Church, the Beginning of



THE LATEST YANKEE MILK "ELEVATOR."



GOOD YOUNG MEN THAT DIED.



THE GRAND OLD MAN'S NEWEST REFORM BILL.



THE RED, RED ROSE.

He.—Yes, dear, it is as you say, very nice to "show colour" going to business.
She.—Yes, and makes you look ten years younger as well.

ARE.

...version Days right in front of the window.



...ill most probably knock Auntie's cap off.



...ught to be whipped at a cart's tail," says Auntie.

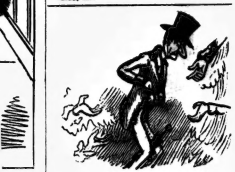


...asty, horrid, low man with the bottle is supposed to be



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"Jim says the "Admiral," and the other "Jack Robinson." A noble pair of warriors, eh?



"TIPS" IN PARIS.

Poor Smith says he is coming home next week, as it is getting *too hot* in France.



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

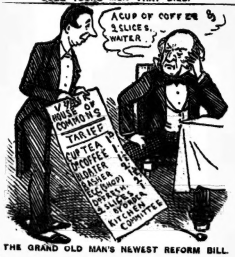
This week, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are anxious to draw your attention to *the End of the Dog Days, the Commencement of Grouse Shooting, the Disgusting Condition of the Catacombs in a London Church, the Beginning of the Long Vacation, the Angry Crofters,* and "*Bliss asking for More.*" Is there anything else in the small way, Ladies?



THE LATEST YANKEE MILK "ELEVATOR."

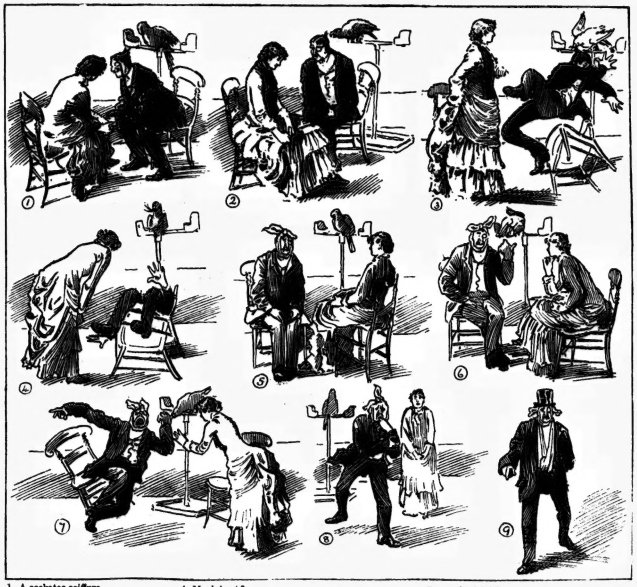


GOOD YOUNG MEN THAT DIED.



THE GRAND OLD MAN'S NEWEST REFORM BILL.

SHE KEPT A PARROT.



1. A cockatoo coiffure.
2. Preparatory manœuvres.
3. ——!!!
4. Much hurt?
5. *She.*—"You were about to remark"——?
6. *He.*—"Oh, yes; he said to me, said he——"
7. ——!!!!!!
8. Cursing, whistling, moaning, and weeping.
9. Our engagement is broken off.

ALLY CAMPANE.

A correspondent, writing from Eye, in Suffolk, to A. Sloper, says:—"In June last the Charity Trustees of this parish advertised for a week, in the *East Anglian Daily Times*, to be let by tender, for a term of eight years, a cottage and three acres of good land, one-third pasture, with sheds for cows and pigs. Much to our surprise, we received only one tender. Perhaps this fact may interest Mr. Jesse Collings and other town men, who imagine that there exists such an earth-hunger in the rural districts." Talking of cows, have you heard the Hon. Billy's latest?



"Oh! where are you going to, my pretty maid,
My pretty maid?
I'm going a-Dilkeing, sir, she said,
Sir, she said
Oh! may I come with you, my pretty maid,
My pretty maid?"

Mrs. William Jacobs, of the United States, makes short work of rattlesnakes, indeed of serpents generally. They seem to be fatally attracted to her presence much as moths are to the flame of light. Before breakfast on July 15 she slew a six-rattle snake with a mop handle, after breakfast she smashed another's head with a stick of wood. Next day she extinguished the life of rattlesnake number three, the mop handle answering to that famous ancient weapon, the asinine jawbone. After this Mrs. Jacobs went out huckleberrying for a change; but still her record is good—10 quarts of huckleberries, two large dead rattlesnakes, and a copper-head were in her basket when she came home.

The penetration of light in water has lately occupied the attention of the curious. Two French gentlemen, it is said, placed gelatino-bromide photographic plates at different depths under the water, and it seems that light penetrates about three hundred metres in the waves all the time the sun is above the horizon. It would therefore appear that a mermaid anxious to read "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday" would be able to do so without coming near enough to the surface of the sea to excite the attention of inquisitive men, like the Dook Snook.

James Barnett, *alias* Dr. Vivian, since his release from Chatham, seems to have been having a lively time of it, without any interference whatever on the part of the police. It is a curious feature of his character that he seems never to have taken any special precautions against capture. It is true that he had a large wardrobe, and frequently changed his apparel, but, with this small exception, he relied rather upon audacity than cunning. It is more than likely that his wardrobe will not be quite so extensive for some time to come.

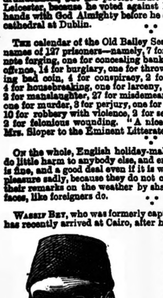


The people of Mexborough spent their August Bank Holiday in listening to the eloquence of Mr. Joseph Leicester, who discussed the political questions of the day in that pungent vernacular which, added to orthographical originality, makes his correspondence so peculiarly attractive. "Grub," he declared, "was never so plentiful as now." But, owing to the baleful influence of "pubs," the dukes and marquesses who voted against Mr. Leicester get the grub, and the sons of toil have to console themselves with getting drunk. Mr. Bright has protested against drunkenness, but his protest must have been insincere, says Mr. Leicester, because he voted against Home Rule. "Guinness shook hands with God Almighty before he died," by giving £130,000 to the cathedral at Dublin.

The calendar of the Old Bailey Sessions for August contained the names of 127 prisoners—namely, 7 for assaults upon girls, 2 for bank-note forging, one for concealing bankruptcy goods, one for unnatural offence, 14 for burglary, one for throwing corrosive fluid, 15 for passing bad coin, 4 for conspiracy, 2 for embezzlement, 4 for forgery, 4 for housebreaking, one for larceny, 2 for letter-stealing, 4 for libel, 2 for manslaughter, 27 for misdemeanour, 2 for attempting murder, one for murder, 3 for perjury, one for personating voter, one for rape, 10 for robbery with violence, 2 for sending threatening letters, and 2 for felonious wounding. "A nice variety, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Sloper to the Eminent Litterateur.

On the whole, English holiday-makers are steady-going folk, who do little harm to anybody else, and enjoy themselves very much if it is fine, and a good deal even if it is wet. They are said to take their pleasure sadly, because they do not cackle incessantly, or emphasize their remarks on the weather by shaking their fists in each other's faces, like foreigners do.

Wassif Bey, who was formerly captain of the garrison at El Obeid, has recently arrived at Cairo, after having been absent for eighteen years, which have been spent in the Soudan. He left Omdurman on the 16th of April in the disguise of a dervish, slowly working his way down. He was present at the capture of El Obeid, and at all the subsequent movements in Kordofan. For several years he was in captivity as a slave, and suffered great hardships. It is rumoured at the West End clubs that he may become F.O.S., but the report requires confirmation.



A memorial has been extensively circulated in North Wales "emphasizing the fact that there is a universal wish to see and hear at the Royal National Eisteddfod, which is to be held at Canarvon next month, one who is so closely associated with the history of the British Nation, and in whom the inhabitants of the Principality have a special interest." The one referred to is W. E. G. The Rev. H. Ward Beecher was invited to be present on one day of the gathering, and replied through his agent that his fee would be £100. Now, Ally Sloper, Esq., T.O.E. would have done the job for a fiver and a fairish supply of "unsweetened."

When you are down at the seaside, and want to enjoy yourself, don't fail to go in for shrimp-fishing. Get up very early, take a net with you, and paddle in the water with your bare feet on the nice pointed rocks. Never mind if a crab does catch hold of your big toe. No fatal case of hydrophobia has been known to occur through a crab-bite.



An account has reached "The Sloperies," of the principal telescope of a new observatory, which owes its existence to the munificence of a Californian millionaire, a Mr. Lick, who bequeathed for its establishment no less than 700 000 dols., with the express wish that the observatory should be equipped with the best telescope that could be manufactured. It has taken five years to have the lenses finished. They were made by a French house, cost 25,000 dols. each, and have been polished by Alvan Clarke, of Boston. They will be set in a steel tube, a yard in diameter, and 57 ft. long, and have taken more than two years to polish. The observatory is situated on Mount Hamilton, in Santa Clara County, California.

The idea of sending money by telegram is mooted again, and in an apparently practicable form. That it would be a great convenience if a postmaster could be authorized, by wire, to pay money to specified persons, is too obvious to need demonstration. A. Sloper's simple advice to all is, to "wire in," and get the matter arranged.

At Folkestone, recently, the master of a French fishing vessel belonging to Fecamp was fined £10 for fishing in English waters off Dungeness. This was the second case of the kind heard at Folkestone within a week. The fishery laws are so frequently broken that Sir Edward Watkin has applied to have a gunboat stationed on this coast instead of a revenue cutter.

Among the trophies brought home by the French army from their Eastern expeditions is a specimen of a bird rarely if at all seen in Europe. This is the celebrated Chinese lark. The most noticeable feature is his wonderful promptness and skill of mimicry, deserving indeed in this respect the title of a genuine mocking-bird, imitating most natural sounds which he hears, the notes and songs of other birds, the cawing of crows, the crowing of cocks, braying of the donkey, even the barking of dogs. Tootsie wonders what sort of pie he'd make?

Lovers of Beauty have once more the opportunity of feasting their eyes upon the charming face and figure of Miss Kate Vaughan. This time she is trying her hand, in conjunction with Mr. H. B. Conway, on some of our old comedies. Mashers and masheresses, all make your way towards the Haymarket Theatre on the first opportunity. Kate for the mashers; H. B. C. for the masheresses. Tootsie says it couldn't have been better arranged.



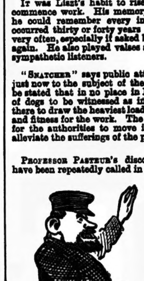
General Booth is suffering from depression of trade. There is a deficiency in the sick officers' fund of the Salvation Army; and the officers' home of rest in South Wales wants £250 for furniture. Ally is very sorry to hear this. He would readily guarantee the £250 and the other deficits, if all the officers would only permanently retire to a home of rest—in New South Wales, for instance.

General Boulanger's notoriety has brought to mind on the other side of the Channel his address to the lady pupils of the Maison de St. Denis. He wished the young girls to imitate the ancient Spartans and those Gallic ladies whom Tacitus criticised with plainness and severity. General Boulanger evidently has no high opinion of the Christian women of France, or he would not go back to Druidical times and to the age of Leonidas for examples of womanly virtue.

It was Liszt's habit to rise at three in the morning in order to commence work. His memory was marvellous. Like A. Sloper, he could remember every incident of a conversation that had occurred thirty or forty years before. In private circles he played very often, especially if asked by young girls. Not unlike A. Sloper again. He also played valses and polkas for the gratification of his sympathetic listeners.

"Snatcher" says public attention is being particularly directed just now to the subject of the prevention of hydrophobia. It may be stated that in no place in Europe is such barbarous treatment of dogs to be witnessed as in Brussels. Dogs are generally used there to draw the heaviest load without any regard to their strength and fitness for the work. The sight is revolting, and it is high time for the authorities to move in the matter by taking measures to alleviate the sufferings of the poor creatures.

Professor Pasteur's discoveries in reference to hydrophobia have been repeatedly called in question by leading members of the Paris Municipal Council, to which body the distinguished *savant* is an unsympathetic person, for the simple reason that he is a Conservative and a Churchman. McGooseley, a bit of an authority, says the best answer to such attacks is, that of the seventeen hundred persons who have now undergone inoculation, four only have died, not counting the Russians who died from wolf-bites.



Lady Macdonald, the wife of the Premier of Canada, has made a very adventurous journey—she has travelled over three thousand five hundred miles, and from the eastern entrance to the Rocky Mountains to Port Moody, a distance of over six hundred miles; through all the passes of the mountain ranges she travelled on the "buffer-beam of a locomotive." We do not know in what formal style and state Canada's Premiers are wont to make their progresses, but we can easily understand that with Lady Macdonald riding on the "buffer-beam of a locomotive" and Sir John himself perched astraddle on the smoke-stack, the isolated homesteads upon the prairies through which the train proceeded must have been considerably astonished by the apparition.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A Calendar for the Week Ending August 21st.

15th August, 1785.—Thomas De Quincey, the English opium-eater, was born this day. He lies buried in a dismal corner of the churchyard of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, with but a shabby stone to mark his grave, and not a visitor once a month. About a score of people in Edinburgh know the spot; but even they are at fault when they go to look for it. A year or two ago there died in the Scotch capital an old lady who knew more of De Quincey than any other person; for in the old days when she let lodgings he was her "front floor," and she never left the house in Lothian Street that he has made historical. There was once a club at Paris of opium-smokers, whose members called themselves *Opiophile*. They had a journal, as other enlightened societies, and each member was bound by rule to record therein a statement of all his sensations and reveries experienced during the intoxication.

15th August, 1853.—An accident occurred this day at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. While a number of workmen were engaged on the scaffolding at the north end of the middle transept, constructing "trusses" for the erection of the iron ribs, the platform suddenly gave way, and the whole of the men fell to the floor of the building, a distance of 102 feet. Ten were taken up dead, and two more died after removal to Guy's Hospital. Five others also sustained severe injuries. The name "Crystal Palace" was applied by Douglas Jerrold, in *Punch*, to the building in Hyde Park in which the Great Exhibition of 1851 was held. After its close, the materials of which it was composed were sold to a company for £70,000, and removed to the present site at Sydenham. The first column was erected on August 5th, 1852, and the "Palace" was opened by the Queen, June 10th, 1854.

16th August, 1857.—

"Soldiers.—Your labours, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour, will not be forgotten by a grateful country."

These memorable words, which appear on the pedestal of General Havelock's statue in Trafalgar Square, were the last which came from that hero's pen, the day after the battle of Bithoor, which took place on the above date, and were addressed to his little army, which had moved back to Cawnpore on the morning of the 17th.

16th August, 1792.—The first theatre in Boston, U.S.A., was opened this day. It was called the "New Exhibition Room." The statue of the State prohibiting dramatic performances, they advertised to represent the moral lecture of *Douglas!* One evening, about two months after, as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle were representing their parts of the moral lecture of *The School for Scandal*, the sheriff made his first appearance on that stage, and arrested them by virtue of a peace warrant. The earliest dramatic performances took place on waggons and temporary platforms, and there is no record of a permanent building until the erection of the stone theatre in the Temple of Dionysius at Athens, B.C. 500.

17th August, 1881.—The Ministerial whitebait dinner was this day held at the Trafalgar Tavern, Greenwich. The small fish caught in the Thames, and known to Londoners as "whitebait," are of a great variety of species. In February, when the season commences, the "bait" consists almost altogether of "yawlings," which are yearling herrings. A little later on the "bait" is much smaller, and consists of "heads and eyes," a small transparent creature of which the name is very descriptive. At various periods, among the other minute, are "polwigs" and "Rooshans," "sticklebats," "buntings," &c. Towards August young sprats appear in unnumbered myriads, and these, from their silvery whiteness, have given whitebait its distinctive name.

17th August, 1870.—Walter Lee, aged thirty-eight, a cripple, employed as a potboy at the "Drayton Arms," South Kensington, was this day found murdered in an unfinished house in Gledhow Gardens.

18th August, 1364.—Urbian Grandier was this day burned alive after terrible tortures, as a magician and sorcerer. It would appear, from the perusal of books treating of his case, that his amours with the Ursuline Sisters of London, having created a great scandal, necessitated his execution at the hands of the priests.

18th August, 1502.—The Island of St. Helena was on this day (or, as some have it, on the 21st of May) discovered by John de Nuova, a Portuguese navigator, on his return from the East Indies. This discovery happening on the anniversary of the festival of St. Helena, he called the island by her name.

18th August, 1587.—On this day the first English child was born in America, at Roanoke, in Virginia. She was the grand-daughter of the Governor, and was baptised on the following Sabbath, by the name of Virginia.

19th August, 1885.—A scene of great excitement was caused at Rochdale by a fire which broke out at a large hosiery establishment. Two young women jumped from their bedroom window into blankets which were held out for them, and both sustained serious injury, one breaking several ribs and the other one of her legs. Two other persons escaped by rushing through the smoke, and two little boys who were sleeping in an attic were only discovered by the action of a retriever dog, who led the firemen to the boys' bedside. The dog, which refused to leave the house till the children were rescued, was suffocated. "What is become of your dog, Sir John?" said a friend to Sir John Danvers. "Gone to heaven," was the answer. "Then, Sir John, he has often followed you, and I hope now you will follow him."

19th August, 1882.—Instructions were this day issued from the Royal Engineers' Department for the removal of the ruins of Sandown Castle, near Deal. This castle was built by Henry VIII., at the same date as Deal Castle. The walls of Sandown Castle were found to be about 20 feet thick at the foundation, gradually diminishing as they reached to the summit. During the reign of Charles II. Colonel Hutchinson, who had been a member of the Long Parliament, and Governor of Nottingham Castle, was a prisoner within its walls, and died there in September, 1664.

19th August, 1845.—A whirlwind this day, at Rouen, destroyed in a few seconds three factories, burying most of the workmen in the ruins. Upwards of two hundred people were reported killed or wounded.

20th August, 1823.—The following interesting paragraph, *re* Theatrical Expenses, appeared in the *Morning Post* of this date:—"The expenses of the larger theatres of London are known to be enormous. Those of Drury Lane and Covent Garden exceed more than £200 each per night. In 1765 those of Drury Lane were less than £70 per night. The company consisted of about 160 performers, among whom were names of high celebrity. Garrick was at the head of the company, with a salary per night of £2 15s. 6d.; Mr. Yates (the famous Othello) and his wife, £3 6*s.* 8*d.*; Palmer and his wife £2; King (the celebrated Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby), £1 6*s.* 8*d.*; Parsons (the famous comedian), £1 6*s.* 8*d.*; Mrs. Cibber, £2 10*s.*; Mrs. Pritchard, £2 6*s.* 8*d.*; Mrs. Clive, £1 15*s.*; Miss Pope (first chambermaid), 13*s.* 4*d.*; Signor Guestinelli (chief singer), £1 3*s.* 4*d.*; Signor Grimaldi and wife (chief dancers), £1."

21st August, 1880.—An appalling act of cruelty was this day reported from Pontremoli, in Italy. A female lay servant in the Carmelite convent was condemned by the abbess and two of the senior nuns "to undergo the torments of purgatory," for stealing some bread. Having conveyed the victim to a cell in which an iron stove stood out from the wall, they caused the stove to be heated in her presence, and then, tying her hands tightly together behind her back, held her face down for several minutes close to the surface of the glowing metal. Her struggles and heartrending entreaties for mercy were of no avail. The nuns protracted her martyrdom until her scorched eyes had lost their sight for ever, and her whole face was converted into one huge blister.

21st August, 1882.—The amateur sculling championship of the Thames was this day won by Mr. Payne.

MY PRETTY BELLE.



My pretty Bell
hat—
A great big ha
feather;
To keep them
head,
Employs her
weather.

I love her hea
hat—
And I love, to
feather;
In turns I love
one,
And then I
together.

I don't think, the
for me,
Or seeks fo
tether;
Her world is c
hat—
The great big
big feather.

She has a hear
no doubt:
Some day, I think, I'll ask her whether
She thinks she'll e'er have time to think
Of aught beyond her hat and feather.

BURNS!!!

A venerable country clergyman, who indulged i
habit of getting up in the middle of the night and
after Burns, became so wrapped up in his subject rec
upset his paraffin lamp and reduced himself to ashes.

S'CATS.

"How those wretched cats must enjoy this ne
observed the fox-terrier, ruefully trying to scratch hi
the wires of his muzzle.
"Ah, yes," sighed the French poodle; "to them *la jo*

CARDS.

"When you are about to play a rubber of whist, w
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again." "Well, one who wears *a winning smile*."
up one."

A DELIGHTFUL ANECDOTE

A short time since I was taken by a friend into a pl
resort known as the *Sobriety* bar. Hardly had I taken my seat when my attention was attracted by the entrance of a singular and imposing figure of a man, whose appearance at once emphatically proclaimed him to be a somebody. "Who is he?" I asked, eagerly. "Guess," said my friend. I guessed Tennyson, the German Ambassador, Henry Irving, the Prime Minister, and Ally Sloper—to all of which my friend shook his head. "That," said he, after a pause, "that is the great comedian of the principal London clubs, and his name is—O-dell-ighted to see you, dear boy!" And he shook him heartily by the hand.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AG

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this o
charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enc
Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGE
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, L

A YOUNG LADY, aged 18, 5 ft. 4½ in. in height, of a
and affectionate disposition, and capable of maki
home comfortable and happy; is not bad looking, fair co
eyes and golden brown hair, black eyebrows and eyelas
figure. If any gentleman would like to correspond wi
please write (enclosing photo, as no letters will be answe
"Maybud," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "T
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

AN OXFORD UNIVERSITY MAN, good looking,
musical, with an income of £700 a year, wishes t
graceful woman, with a view to matrimony. He is 27
possesses a charming villa on the river in Berkshire, an
estate. The lady may be either dark or fair, but mu
irreproachable figure and large eyes. Money no object.
photo—"Hector," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, of medium height, good figur
eyes, quite a brunette, splendid teeth and a prett
sidered very handsome, would like to correspond with a t
man. Must have a moustache. Money no object. Addre
(to be returned)—"Olive," "Tootsie's Matrimonial A
Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG MAN, 21, tall, and considered very good lo
to correspond with a young lady, about 20. Money
the advertiser has very good prospects. Kindly enclose ph
B. G. H., "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Slop
Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG WIDOW (26), no family, with a house of
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not objected to. Advertiser is rather tall, good-lo
figure, lady-like, well-educated, and a good housekeeper
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London, E.C.

JOE, aged 25, medium height, dark, is in want of a
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will be returned. Address—"Joe," "Tootsie's Matrimo
"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

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JIM, aged 22, height, 5 ft 8 in., considered good-look
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good prospects of advancement, wishes to correspond with
from 19 to 23, with a view to matrimony. Please state pa
height and complexion, &c. Enclose photo, in strict con
will be returned. Address—"Jim," "Tootsie's Matrimon
"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

. *NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and*
forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letter
reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements alre
which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space

...IOLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

...R FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 21ST.

..., 1785.—Thomas De Quincey, the English ...rn this day. He lies buried in a dismal corner of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, with but a shabby grave, and not a visitor once a month. About a Edinburgh know the spot; but even they are at to look for it. A year or two ago there died in an old lady who knew more of De Quincey than ...lor in the old days when she let lodgings he was and she never left the house in Lothian Street historical. There was once a club at Paris whose members called themselves *Opiophils*. ...nal, as other enlightened societies, and each ...nd by rule to record therein a statement ...s and reveries experienced during the intoxica-

...3.—An accident occurred this day at the Crystal While a number of workmen were engaged on ...e north end of the middle transept, constructing erection of the iron ribs, the platform suddenly whole of the men fell to the floor of the building, ...st. Ten were taken up dead, and two more died ...uy's Hospital. Five others also sustained severe ...e "Crystal Palace" was applied by Douglas to the building in Hyde Park in which the Great was held. After its close, the materials of which ...ere sold to a company for £70,000, and removed ...at Sydenham. The first column was erected on ...nd the "Palace" was opened by the Queen, June

... 1857.—

...—YOUR LABOURS, YOUR PRIVATIONS, YOUR ...INGS, AND YOUR VALOUR, WILL NOT BE ...GOTTEN BY A GRATEFUL COUNTRY."

...words, which appear on the pedestal of General in Trafalgar Square, were the last which came ...en, the day after the battle of Bithoor, which above date, and were addressed to his little moved back to Cawnpore on the morning of

...92.—The first theatre in Boston, U.S.A., was ...t was called the "New Exhibition Room." The prohibiting dramatic performances, they adver- the moral lecture of *Douglas!* One evening, after, as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle were repre- of the moral lecture of *The School for Scandal*, ...is first appearance on that stage, and arrested a peace warrant. The earliest dramatic per- ...ce on waggons and temporary platforms, and ...f a permanent building until the erection of the Temple of Dionysius at Athens, B.C. 500.

..., 1881.—The Ministerial whitebait dinner was ...e Trafalgar Tavern, Greenwich. The small fish ...nes, and known to Londoners as "whitebait," are ...f species. In February, when the season com- ...' consists almost altogether of "yawlings," which ...s. A little later on the "bait" is much smaller, and and eyes," a small transparent creature of which ...escriptive. At various periods, among the other ...gs" and "Rooshans," "sticklebats," "buntings," ...ast young sprats appear in unnumbered myriads, ...ir silvery whiteness, have given whitebait its dis-

...70.—Walter Lee, aged thirty-eight, a cripple, ...oy at the "Drayton Arms," South Kensington, ...l murdered in an unfinished house in Gledhow

... 1364.—Urbian Grandier was this day burned tortures, as a magician and sorcerer. It would perusal of books treating of his case, that his ...rsuline Sisters of London, having created a great ...d his execution at the hands of the priests.

...2.—The Island of St. Helena was on this day (or, the 21st of May) discovered by John de Nuova, a ...tor, on his return from the East Indies. This ...g on the anniversary of the festival of St. Helena, by her name.

...7.—On this day the first English child was born ...noke, in Virginia. She was the grand-daughter ...nd was baptised on the following Sabbath, by the

... 1885.—A scene of great excitement was caused ...ire which broke out at a large hosiery establish- women jumped from their bedroom window into ...e held out for them, and both sustained serious ...g several ribs and the other one of her legs. escaped by rushing through the smoke, and two ...re sleeping in an attic were only discovered by ...triever dog, who led the firemen to the boys' which refused to leave the house till the children suffocated. "What is become of your dog, Sir ...end to Sir John Danvers. "Gone to heaven," Then, Sir John, he has often followed you, and I follow him."

...2.—Instructions were this day issued from the ...epartment for the removal of the ruins of Sandown This castle was built by Henry VIII., at the ...Castle. The walls of Sandown Castle were found thick at the foundation, gradually diminishing the summit. During the reign of Charles II. ..., who had been a member of the Long Parliament, ...ottingham Castle, was a prisoner within its walls, ...eptember, 1664.

...5.—A whirlwind this day, at Rouen, destroyed three factories, burying most of the workmen ...ards of two hundred people were reported killed

..., 1823.—The following interesting paragraph, ...nses, appeared in the *Morning Post* of this date: ...f the larger theatres of London are known to be of Drury Lane and Covent Garden exceed more ...r night. In 1765 those of Drury Lane were less The company consisted of about 160 performers, names of high celebrity. Garrick was at the ...ny, with a salary per night of £2 15s. 6d.; Mr. Othello) and his wife, £3 6s. 8*d*.; Palmer and his celebrated Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby), (the famous comedian), £1 6s. 8*d*.; Mrs. Cibber, ...tchard, £2 6s. 8*d*.; Mrs. Clive, £1 15s.; Miss ...maid), 13s. 4*d*.; Signor Guestinelli (chief singer), Grimaldi and wife (chief dancers), £1."

... 1880.—An appalling act of cruelty was this Pontremoli, in Italy. A female lay servant in ...nt was condemned by the abbess and two of the ...dergo the torments of purgatory," for stealing ...g conveyed the victim to a cell in which an iron ...n the wall, they caused the stove to be heated in ...en, tying her hands tightly together behind her ...down for several minutes close to the surface of Her struggles and heartrending entreaties for ...vall. The nuns protracted her martyrdom until ...ad lost their sight for ever, and her whole face ...one huge blister.

...1.—The amateur sculling championship of the ...y won by Mr. Payne.

MY PRETTY BELLE.



My pretty Belle, she wears a hat—
A great big hat and great big feather;
To keep them both upon her head,
Employs her time in windy weather.

I love her head, I love her hat—
And I love, too, her great big feather;
In turns I love them, one by one,
And then I love them all together.

I don't think, though, she cares for me,
Or seeks for any tie or tether;
Her world is covered by her hat—
The great big hat and great big feather.

She has a heart, somewhere, no doubt:
Some day, I think, I'll ask her whether
She thinks she'll e'er have time to think
Of aught beyond her hat and feather.

BURNS!!!

A VENERABLE country clergyman, who indulged in the baneful habit of getting up in the middle of the night and writing poetry after Burns, became so wrapped up in his subject recently, that he upset his paraffin lamp and reduced himself to ashes.

S'CATS.

"How those wretched cats must enjoy this new regulation," observed the fox-terrier, ruefully trying to scratch his nose through the wires of his muzzle.

"Ah, yes," sighed the French poodle; "to them *la joie fait* 'purr.'"

CARDS.

"WHEN you are about to play a rubber of whist, what is the best kind of partner to select?" "A knowing card." "Good, but try again." "Well, one who wears *a winning smile*." "Gooder. Go up one."

A DELIGHTFUL ANECDOTE.

A SHORT time since I was taken by a friend into a place of popular resort known as the *Sobriety* bar. Hardly had I taken my seat when my attention was attracted by the entrance of a singular and imposing figure of a man, whose appearance at once emphatically proclaimed him to be a somebody. "Who is he?" I asked, eagerly. "Guess," said my friend. I guessed Tennyson, the German Ambassador, Henry Irving, the Prime Minister, and ALLY SLOPER—to all of which my friend shook his head. "That," said he, after a pause, "that is the great comedian of the principal London clubs, and his name is—O-dell-ighted to see you, dear boy!" And he shook him heartily by the hand.



TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

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Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 18, 5 ft. 4½ in. in height, of a very cheerful and affectionate disposition, and capable of making any man's home comfortable and happy; is not bad looking, fair complexion, blue eyes and golden brown hair, black eyebrows and eyelashes, and good figure. If any gentleman would like to correspond with her, will he please write (enclosing photo, as no letters will be answered without) to "MAYBUD," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

AN OXFORD UNIVERSITY MAN, good looking, scientific and musical, with an income of £700 a year, wishes to meet with a graceful woman, with a view to matrimony. He is 27 years of age, possesses a charming villa on the river in Berkshire, and is heir to an estate. The lady may be either dark or fair, but must possess an irreproachable figure and large eyes. Money no object. Address, with photo—"HECTOR," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, of medium height, good figure, large dark eyes, quite a brunette, splendid teeth and a pretty mouth, considered very handsome, would like to correspond with a tall, fair gentleman. Must have a moustache. Money no object. Address, with photo (to be returned)—"CLYTIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG MAN, 21, tall, and considered very good looking, desires to correspond with a young lady, about 20. Money no object, as the advertiser has very good prospects. Kindly enclose photo. Address—B. G. H., "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG WIDOW (26), no family, with a house of furniture and a little money, would like to correspond with a tall, gentlemanly man, who is able to keep a wife comfortably. He must be good-tempered, fond of home, and a gentleman in appearance and manners. A widower not objected to. Advertiser is rather tall, dark, good-looking, a good figure, lady-like, well-educated, and a good housekeeper. Please send photo if possible, which will be returned. Address—"LADY TRIX," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

JOE, aged 25, medium height, dark, is in want of a good, sweet-tempered little wife, aged about 19, who will make him happy. Advertiser is an accountant with moderate income. Please enclose photo, which will be returned. Address—"JOE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

AN AMERICAN GIRL, aged 22, tall, dark, good figure, "pleasant to look upon," and well-educated, desires to offer herself as a sacrifice upon the altar of Hymen. Applicants must have for their motto, "Money no object," as the advertiser has only a small income, and wishes to increase it. No one under 5 ft. 9 in. in height, or less than 25 years old, need apply. Personal beauty not a requisite but good writing a necessity. Address, enclosing photo, to "GIPSY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

JIM, aged 22, height, 5 ft 8 in., considered good-looking, and of a cheerful disposition, who is in a good situation as an artisan, also good prospects of advancement, wishes to correspond with a young lady, from 19 to 23, with a view to matrimony. Please state particulars as to height and complexion, &c. Enclose photo, in strict confidence, which will be returned. Address—"JIM," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.*

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** *In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.*

BLACK WATCH, 3RD BATTALION, BARRACKS, PERTH, *July* 19*th*, 1886.

LIEUT. COL. HUTTON, will be obliged if "Ally" will send him the Brass and String Scores of "Ally Sloper's Waltz."

THE ACCOMMODATION HOTEL,
111 CHURCH STREET, DUBLIN, *July* 21*st*, 1886.

MR. ALLY SLOPER.

VENERABLE SIR,—I have long entertained the project of inviting you to Ireland, but, fearing that political capital would be made out of the visit of so distinguished an individual, I have hitherto abstained from doing so. Now that the coast is clear I have great pleasure in being able to ask you, in the name of two hundred thousand Home Rulers of this city, to honour us with a visit at your earliest convenience. In the event of your accepting this invitation, I shall feel flattered in being allowed to place at your disposal the best suite of rooms in my hotel, gratis.

I may add, without egotism, that this place has gained not a little notoriety, for the specialities in crubeens (Anglice pigs-feet) and potatoes and cabbage. With Mrs. Stickfoot's love,

I remain, Sir, with due respect,
J. STICKFOOT.

GLOBE THEATRE, *July* 21*st*, 1886.

DEAR ALLY,—Thanks for pipes, received safely. Have, and *will* make good use of 'em. Christened "my own particular" at Parker's, Catharine Street, over 2d. of *your own* favourite beverage, and wished you'd been there to fraternize. Never mind, "a time will come," at least I hope so (sooner or later), the former preferred, of course, and then!!! Till *then*, yours provincially,
CHAS. LEYTON.

CASEMATES BARRACKS, GIBRALTAR, *July* 22*nd*, 1886.

MY DEAR OLD ALLY,—I heard that you were coming to Gibraltar shortly; if so, be sure to come to the Casemates, there I shall meet you, and we'll both go to the Bullfight in Lina, Spain. I am sure you would make a fine "Toreador." We will go in a transport cart, with plenty of "unsweetened" and long cigars. Oh! won't we have a jolly day! But we must make sure to be back in the Casemates before retreat (8 p.m.), as all the gates will be locked at that hour, and we should have to sleep out on the tiles all night. Hoping you are quite well. Yours, &c.,
WIND JAMMER, 1st Batt. The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regt., Gibraltar.

HALIFAX, N.S., CANADA, *July* 22*nd*, 1886.

BELOVED ALLY,—With great joy our days of mourning are over, as you have appeared in our circle once again, after so much delay. I think you have had a miraculous escape this time, after being tied up in a mail bag since the wreck of the "Oregon." I have had your "HALF HOLIDAY" forwarded to me from the mail bag that was picked up the other day. You were properly soaked—more than you ever were with unsweetened. You can inform me now if they pay rent 50 miles under the sea now as you have been to sea. I guess the brine wants washing out after this. We hope it will find a place amongst your exhibits along with the Old Hat. Why did you not get into the Old Hat and float ashore? You could have used the gingham for a sail. Hoping that the fresh air has revived you and made you feel yourself again, believe me to remain, a constant reader of your "HALF HOLIDAY."

Sapper W. WILES, 4th Company
Royal Engineers, South Barracks.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name.

DION BOUCICAULT,
Because he wrote the "Colleen Bawn."

MRS. CRAWFORD,
Because she came up to the scratch.

HENRY DIXEY,
Because of his imitations of Henry Irving.

JAMES FERNANDEZ,
Because he is a tried actor and above proof.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD,
Because he's been a faithful Public Servant.

KATTI LANNER,
Because she can arrange a Ballet.

W. T. MARRIOTT, Q.C.,
Because he is Judge Advocate-General again.

HENRY MATTHEWS, Q.C.,
Because he's jumped clean over their heads.

J. W. NORTH,
Because he's the best English Landscape Painter.

W. H. SMITH,
Because as War Secretary he's in the right place.

JAMES THOMSON,
Because he's Secretary to the Royal Commission for Victoria.

KITTY WREN,
Because she is a little charmer.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane,
August 14th, 1886. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 *and the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *has been presented to*

FRED G. HAINES, 9 Watling Street, Canterbury.

for the best Seven-Line Verse, printed hereunder, on

MARGATE.

MARGATE, sweet Queen of the fair Isle of Thanet,
All thy allurements are dear to the mind;
Restorer of health is inscribed on thy planet,
Giving vigour and strength thro' thy soothing sea-wind.
All hail, "Gate of Health!" in truest sincerity,
To all those within it be peace and prosperity,
Evermore to the end of the world, Fair Margate!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

AS GOOD AS A FEAST.—Jones says that an egg is quite sufficient for any meal, as it is always *un œuf* (enough).

TO FISHMONGERS.—You don't generally get as much for salmon when it's pawned as when it's sold outright.

WHY is a river the laziest thing in creation?—Because it is never seen out of its *bed!*

WHY should a European never expect generous treatment from a Japanese daimio?—Because they are all two sworded (too sordid).

AS ADOLPHUS said, when Augustus presented him with a mackintosh,—"Water proof of affection!"

"RETURN good for evil," as the match said, when lighting the pipe of the man who had just struck it.

WHY do they never make twelve o'clock at the right time on board a man-of-war?—Because they always strike the bell eight (the bell late).

WHY is a lamb on the left-hand side of the road like a blot on the escutcheon?—Because it is a baa-sinister.

SHAKSPEAREAN Motto for a Rookery—"It is the Caws."

GIVING a lady away at a wedding is simply a farce. The old proverb says, "Where there's a *will* there's a *way*." Consequently, as all the world knows that every lady has a *will* of her own, giving her a "*way*" seems quite superfluous.

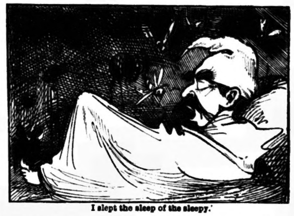
THE SKULL HUNTERS: A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY CAPTAIN RAYNE MEADE.
(Commenced in No. 107.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SERENADE.

SCARCELY half-a-quarter of a second was lost in this, my five hundred and fifty-fifth prairie escape. Long before the wolves could cry "Jack Robinson," or, indeed, make any e-jack-ulation whatever, I had reached the saddle of my beloved steed, while Donna had comfortably settled herself on the tail of the animal. But remembering that two horses could, of course, go quicker than one, I lassoed another steed, which Isabella mounted, and tied the two bridles together, thus increasing our pace twofold.



I slept the sleep of the sleepy.

The speed we went at was a caution to most things. Many a flash of lightning tried to overtake us, but perished in the attempt; many a thunderbolt missed us by half-a-mile; and the most powerful telescope would have been worn out in any attempt to follow our movements.

The wolves were after us as quick as winking; but they found it no use, so they all died of rage and disappointment; and the remainder turned to and mutually devoured each other, to satisfy their hungry and angry cravings.

Still we went on, skimming the surface of the ground, which produced a rich and delightful cream.

At length, after a ride over an awful extent of country, we all fell down exhausted at the door of an *hacienda*, at the further end of the perilous prairie.

The *pulquero*, or landlord of the *hacienda*, benevolently agreed to take us in at the small figure of forty-five dollars. Considering how we had knocked him up, it was, perhaps, rather unfair to beat him down; but I told him not to take on at the idea of taking off a few dollars. He at length consented; and while Donna Isabella disappeared from my sight, I reposed myself to slumber in a small chamber, containing not more than twenty-five travellers, and about two thousand mosquitoes, fleas, &c.

I slept the sleep of the sleepy, and dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls, which, being near the sea-girt shore, gave me a capital view of the vessels and surfs by my side, until I awoke suddenly. The atmosphere was at about one hundred and fifty in the dark; the mosquitoes were amazing lively, and the whole of my companions were performing a variety of deep bass concertos on their nasal organs. Under these circumstances, I thought I would rise on this occasion; so I rose, attired myself in the most gorgeous Mexican costume I could find in the dark, and, borrowing a guitar from a sleeping cavalier, whose silence gave consent, I smashed three panes of glass and leapt lightly into the garden.

The weather, too, had changed considerably; the wind had long been in the East, but had now returned with a thorough knowledge of oriental manners and customs; the moon was full almost to bursting; the stars were out, but willing to accept provincial engagements; and the filmy clouds were enough to fill my heart with pleasurable emotions.

The effect of all this was that I determined to serenade Donna Isabella. So I struck the light guitar, turned up my eyes till only the pupil was visible, took a deep fill of poetical inspiration, and, commencing at O sharp, plunged into the following beautiful melody:

SERENADE.

Oh, gorgeous land of Mexico,
Where fruits and pumpkins blossom,
Where dwell the snake and buffalo,
The jaguar and the 'possum;
All things thou hast of scrumptiousness
To fascinate a fellah,
But all are licked to fits, I guess,
By lovely Isabella!

Her eyes are like the Mountain Dhu,
Her nose is much the same;
Her hair outshines in brilliant hue,
Petroleum's ambient flame.
My heart is bursting with delight,
To gaze on thee once more,
So come thou forth, my lady bright,
And give me one encore!



"Is it Niagara, or a shower of rain?"

O Saccharissima! what is this assortment of fluid that descends upon my classical but devoted head? Is it Niagara, or a shower of rain, or (oh, horrific thought,) can it be the contents of the water-jug?

* * *

The idea was madness; so seeing nothing else to do, I fell upon the grass in a strong hydrophobic fit of insensibility.

* * *

How long I lay in this condition, I know not (as I didn't have my watch with me), but when I arose the sun was making a terrific shine in the firmament, and the morning lark was trying to make up for the evening's spree by a variety of operatic selections.

I arose, but found to my sorrow, that my chivalric Mexican suit was entirely spoilt; heavy wet had been the ruin of it, and made it cling to me so, that I gave up all thoughts of returning it to the owner, for I was obliged to stick to it myself. As to the guitar, it was so saturated that from that time forth nothing could be played on it but Handel's Water Music!

(To be continued in our next.)



THE CONSCIENTIOUS BISHOP.—"My good Bishop, what is the matter? Another attack of your enemy, gout?" "No, Lady Robinson; I have half a shot of peas in each shoe. I am conscientious, they are not boiled. Oh!"



ANOTHER LETTER TO TOOTSIE.
"MADAM,—I believe Miss Annie Allbeat wrote to you last week. Well, this evening I was just mildly flirting with a recruit, when Annie unexpectedly arrived on the ground, became jealous, and retired our recruit. I should like to know if you do not think this unsociable of Annie?"



THE FINAL RESOLVE.—*Little Dear (to Confidante).* Yes, I have thought it over most seriously, and I am determined I will never marry. No! never!



TOBACCO-GROWING IN IRELAND.—"Try a weed, O'Shaughnessy; they're all right—my own growing."

POPSON'S GROUSE SHOOTING.



1. When Mr. Popson was all ready to start, Mrs. P. gazed upon him—as well she might—with undisguised admiration.



2. When Mr. Popson got to the Moors he saw many birds—a long way off.



3. At last he saw a bird (not absolutely a grouse, but very nearly), and says he, "I'll bring it down." Strange to say, the same idea occurred to another party just at the same moment.



4. "My dear sir, the bird's mine." "My dear sir, excuse me." "My dear sir, I daren't go home without it." Meanwhile the dog . . .



5. "After all, she'll never know it's not the right thing if I take it home plucked and ready for roasting."



6. No more she did until the girl came in to say, "Please, sir, the poulterer says you left your gun behind you when you was buying the pigeon."



A PRETTY LITTLE IDEA.
Flora. Why, Emily, what are you doing with your beautiful long hair?
Emily. Well, you see, Frizzer has promised me six lessons for it, and I can get a back to look just as good, for a mere nothing. Besides, if I do wear my own hair, who believes it's mine? and so I may as well "make some money for it.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.



DELIGHTFUL MUSIC AT A CERTAIN WATERING PLACE.
"The Magnificent Band of the Onetyoneth will perform this evening on the Esplanade.—*Extract from Local Paper.*
[This is the Magnificent Band, and this the Esplanade, but what, oh! what does it mean?

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GRATIS PLAT

ally Slope

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING,

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"I am informed by Billy, who wer
It appears that they were playing at
Billy, Billy cannoned against Papa, and

SL

No. 4.—*A "Please*



CHAPTER I.
"Please to remember the Grotter, sir?"